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Vol. XVI. No. 2 Stetson High School, Randolph, Mass June 1928

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CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY-EIGHT S. H. S.

FIELD DAY.

Last month the pupils of Stetson High and Stetson Junior High held two field days in the rear of the Stetson High School building. Various athletic feats were conducted and many participated. One of the features of the day was the broad jump in which girls and boys both took part. Two types of broad jumps were held consisting of the standing and the running jump. Mr. Clarke of the high school faculty was supervisor of the jumping and of the baseball throw for the boys. Mr. Powderly, also of the high school faculty assumed charge of several contests, which all proved very exciting. The fifty yard dash conducted by Mr. Powderly was held on the outfield of the baseball diamond and this proved an excellent course to run on, being very level. The standing broad jump conducted by Mr. Clarke was very interesting to watch several fine jumpers taking part.

The field day started early Saturday morning, May 19, and continued till nearly noon when it was decided to complete the contests the following Saturday. In the fifty yard dash for girls seventeen years old Miss Mildred Bradley, Miss Joan McCoubrey and Miss Erma Mann hold the records for fast running. For the boys seventeen years of age Mansel Nugent and George Papadopoulos in the fifty yard dash hold the records. Such field days should be encouraged in schools everywhere as they are both beneficial to health, and show school spirit.

George R. Sullivan.

Let us take this space and thank the Junior for the Reception which they tendered us, and compliment them for the vim, pep and ability they show in all their undertakings.

We wish to thank the advertisers for their share in making this and many previous issues of the "Oracle" a success by their patronage. We hope that their patronage and good will will continue its manifestation by a goodly amount of advertisements.

School spirit is something which holds together the qualities of the student and the ideals of the school. It means to sacrifice anything to uphold the standard of the school and to raise it in the estimation of others. Not long ago we had an assembly to appropriate money for the transportation of the baseball team. Such demonstration of school spirit was never before witnessed at an assembly. Competition was extremely keen among two of the classes.

School spirit was manifested throughout this year by the senior class in particular. It brought us nearer together and made us reach out for the best and do all we could to better the present status of the school.

The Class of 1928 is responsible for having "The Oracle" become a member of the Southeastern League of School Publications. The Oracle staff attended two of the League Meetings. One was at the Bridgewater Normal School at Bridgewater, Mass., and the other was at Needham High School, Needham, Mass. These meetings were a combination of socials and business meetings. They were two very happy events of our Senior year. These meetings aroused our school spirit and the desire to improve the Oracle and make it stand out among the best of the high school papers in this part of the state.

G. M. A. '28

Love Put to a Practical Use

Bobbie Fleet, a fine young man had dwelt happily with his parents and devoted his every spare moment to the study of art, but upon their death he was forced to assume the care of his little sisters. His fruitless search for work led him to a distant city. Here, after weary days of wandering about, he secured a job as errand boy and general helper in an art shop. Often while sweeping the store he watched its owner Mr. Ludolph, hanging pictures or carelessly arranging statues. Bobbie's artistic soul revolted against his lot, for well he knew that this or that picture would appear to better advantage if hung in a different light, or that certain statues might be more artistically arranged.

One day Christine Ludolph came to the store. She was a nymph-like girl who believed in neither God nor religion. She too, was a lover of art, and her father's wealth had done much for her advancement in that line. She had agreed to help him about the shop that day and it was inevitable that Bobbie and she should be drawn together from the first. Soon their sweet friendship changed to something deeper, though neither would acknowledge it. Bobbie tried to quell the emotion that welled up in him, ever keeping before him the promise he had given his dear Christian mother. What would she say if she knew he would willingly give his all for just one smile from this beautiful girl who scoffed at God and religion? As for Christine, each time she endeavored to be nice to him, a vision of him sweeping her father's floor reared up before her, crumbling her roseate dreams.

Many evenings they sat in the sumptuous Ludolph home and discussed art, and life in general. Christine proudly showed him a picture of a great master that she

had tried to copy, and which she considered an exact duplicate. She was deeply hurt when he coolly criticised it, saying it lacked expression. She concealed her displeasure as she accepted his invitation to examine two pictures at which he was working. For weeks she strove ceaselessly to acquire the knack of capturing that fleeting power of expression which ever seemed so near and yet so far. A sweet yet cruel idea crossed her mind. "I believe he is half in love with me now," she gloated. How many times had her master told her that to really be able to express an emotion on canvas, the artist himself must feel what he tried to portray! She threw Bobbie a few more kindly smiles, as one might toss some glittering things to an eager child, then she watched the result. Every moment assured her of her power. Tactfully she carried out her plans and that mysterious power seemed nearer to her grasp. Her efforts were now gaining all the excitement of a chase. Soon it seemed that she had merely to clasp her brush and place those fleeting expressions on canvas. So skillful she became that even Bobbie noticed it and remarked upon it, and became wary of her attentions. Perhaps she merely lured him on to his destruction like the fabled sirens! He was greatly troubled with doubts and fears, yet he could not remain long away from her.

One August afternoon he received a note from her commanding him to call at her home at three o'clock to devise some plans for the store. He went unsuspectingly, his heart madly cavorting within him. When he entered the room she did not rise but motioned him to be seated close beside her, then resumed the perusal of a letter she held in her hand (which she had

written herself). He became impatient and she urged him to read the letter, aware that jealousy will make a man declare his love more quickly. He remonstrated with her while she provokingly smiled sweetly up at him. Then, blinded with emotion, all his love poured forth in a pent-up torrent. While he pleaded ardently, she painted, not with the nervous random stroke of one who sought to hide embarrassment, but earnestly with precision. His tone of appeal might have stirred a marble bosom to pity, but she only raised her hand depreciatingly as if to ward off interruption while she painted with intense eagerness.

Suddenly the blur from his eyes and the confusion of his mind began to pass away and Bobbie was astounded by the thought that occurred to him. Every particle of color receded from his face, and he watched her manner for confirmation of his thoughts. A few more skillful strokes and she threw down her brush, crying in ecstatic tones, "Eureka, Eureka!" She challenged him to deny that there was soul and feeling in that picture, that it merely was a beautiful corpse. Enraged, he clasped her wrists tightly and chided her severely for trifling with his affections, leading him on to declare his love merely to copy his ardent expression. She winced as he compared her to the renowned artist who had stabbed a man solely that he might entrap his dying look! Then drawing nearer to the easel as if to examine it more closely, he seized a brush of black paint and smooched it over the painted countenance that had cost both him and Christine so much. Then he turned and sorrowfully left her.

He refused to see her and again worked on the pictures. In one of the pictures were two figures. Sleeping inert upon a couch of ice was a beautiful maiden. The flow of her draperies and all about her

was grace and beauty itself, and yet it all was ice. The face was that of Christine and all of its scornful beauty was expressed there. In one icy hand she held a laurel wreath, while in the other dropped a brush. Bending over her was a young man who seemed about to awaken her while he painted to a grotto that suggested summer. The second picture was still more suggestive. It showed Christine at the edge of the grotto and her beauty was strangely enhanced by the summer atmosphere. Near her was a plane-tree which represented "genius." About its trunk was entwined the passion flower, signifying "Love." Just over her head was a bright hued butterfly sipping nectar from the half open blossoms. By her side the young man was again portrayed, and he pointed to a path which wound thru a long lane, in alternate light and shadow to a gate that in the distance gleamed like pearls. Above and beyond it rose the walls and towers of the Holy City.

So hard did he work on his masterpieces that it proved detrimental to his health. His master, unknown to him, entered his pictures in the national contest. Christine also was a competitor. Finally the decision narrowed down to the entries of Bobby and Christine. Bobbie's pictures were awarded first prize while Christine's received the second prize. Christine was the first to congratulate him on his success. His pictures, that he had never meant her to see, but that he had painted in a delirium, had opened her eyes to her own shallowness. In after years she treasured these pictures that had left her to Bobbie and to God. When her grandchildren climbed upon her knee clambering for a story she smiled wistfully and related the tale of the pictures, of which they seemed never to tire.

A. M. '28.

The Wreck of the Betsy Ann

For three weeks the South Seas had been calm and beautiful. For miles around the ocean lay, sparkling silvery blue in the tropical sunshine. Every where was peace. But on board the Betsy Ann, peace refused to reign supreme, for Death, the untimely conqueror, had taken her place.

Red Holden sat and stared fixedly before him. His ugly, scarred face streamed with briny tears. Sorrowful memories came rushing through his head. He sat back and willingly let his mind wander back to the happy days on board the Betsy Ann. He saw once again the old wharf in Boston Harbor, where, laden with her cargo of fruit, the Betsy Ann had first left port. He saw the group of wives and sweethearts bravely smiling a tearful farewell. And then they were off and the playful sea rocked the little ship with loving gestures. He saw his old captain with his kindly troubled eyes, felt his own heart warm as he grasped his hand and said with a tired sort of smile, "I've brought my son, Bill, aboard Red, be good to him." And then his thoughts returned to the present and he saw his captain as he lay dying only a few days before. Again he felt the warm handclasp and the parting words, "be good to him."

So absorbed in thought was Red that he paid no heed to the troubling waters nor the fast darkening sky. A storm comes up very quickly in the tropical seas. Suddenly the cry of "Breakers ahead" penetrated the silence of the man's thoughts and so startled him that he fell backwards and lay sprawling on the deck.

For weeks the Betsy Ann tossed blindly on the crest of the sea. All sense of direction was lost and the despairing crew knelt with

blanched faces on the soaked deck, every heart thinking of their captain. If only he were here, how he would have scattered cheer and comfort to the ignorant crew. Red Holden, at the wheel, was desperate. Not a ray of hope did he hold in his heart. "They would be lost—lost at sea—O God!"

Suddenly the man felt a light hand on his shoulder. Quickly he turned about and faced the intruder. He could barely see in the stormy darkness and with the spray of the ocean mist in his eyes. Ah, it was only Bill, the captain's son. Often had Red wondered about Bill—the boy was so unlike his stalwart father and other boys. Why he was nothing but a slip of a lad with handsome even features and a form as slight and lithe as those of a girl. What could the boy want? He became aware that Bill was talking to him. Red was uncommon weary and had hard work to hold the wheel. He had to strain his ears to catch the boy's words.

"Won't you let me take the wheel for a while, sir? Please, sir, I know I can do it. I'm sure you must be very tired, sir, and I've often done it for father." Red stared at the boy. It was preposterous that a mere boy could handle the ship in such a storm, and yet, Red hesitated to say no. Hang it all—what was it about the boy! "Oh, alright," he mumbled, "but I'll be back in fifteen minutes." Weary and fatigued from his long vigil at the wheel, the man flung himself upon his cot and slept, regardless of time or weather.

It was midnight, and unceasingly the man of the Coast Guard patrolled the shores of Provincetown. This was just the night for a shipwreck, wild, windy, and cold, and every man was alert. Old Andy Breen, from his lookout tower on

Sandy Head, peered cautiously into the storm. He had hard work to see through the glass of the tower window, as the wind continuously covered it with moist sand. Suddenly he started and pushed his face against the glass. "A speck in the distance—a—no, it could not be, yes it was—a ship!"

All night the faithful men of the Coast Guard worked, saving lives, until but two of the crew of the Betsy Ann were left aboard. The sea became more threatening and the huge breakers rolled over the life boat, washing its occupants into the sea. It was evident that the boat could make no more trips to the fast submerging ship. There was but one thing left to do. They must send out the basket-buoy.

The buoy had safely reached the Betsy Ann, but neither of the remaining crew would board it first, Red arguing that as he was the strongest and more able-bodied, he should wait until last, and Bill, that he was the captain's son and should therefore fulfill the Captain's duties and remain with the ship until the end. Angered by Bill's stubbornness, Red became submissive and lowered himself into the basket.

Red, half drowned and nearly frozen to death, lay upon the sandy shores. Above the tumult he could be heard to cry, "Bill's aboard! Bill's aboard!" It was never quite understood just how "the little captain" was rescued from the sea that night. Only the men of the Coast Guard realized how near Bill had been to an ocean death. How small and pale he had looked as he was lifted from the basket and placed on the shore by the fire. Many had remarked upon his handsome features and his plucky, staunch little heart.

Reaching out into the water which embraces the Provincetown shores, is a huge breakwater of stone, built by the people of Prov-

incetown to keep the ocean from washing away the town. Many daring and sea loving people found enjoyment in walking far out to sea on this breakwater. On this certain day, if you had happened to be walking along the shore, you would have probably seen two human figures seated contentedly on the breakwater, staring across the sea. One a girl, the other a man.

Red Holden smiled to himself as he gazed across the broad expanse of sea that stretched before him. "I can't see, by crackie, how you ever had the nerve to do it," he drawled. "Well you see it was this way", explained the girl, laughingly, "Dad was always rather disappointed in my being a girl, so when I became old enough he taught me to love the sea as he did. I was always rather a tomboy I guess and roamed around in boy's clothing. From infancy I sailed the sea with Dad. And then mother died. Of course Dad had to sail the same as before, and he was puzzled as to what to do with me. And then a bright idea came to me. I would go aboard the Betsy Ann, dressed as a boy, my father's son." She stopped and smiled bewitchingly into Red's eyes. "Bill, you're a wonder", and Red stooped and lifted her into his arms.

Isabelle McLea, '28.

FRIENDSHIP

My definition of a friend is, a person who understands your whims and moods, is tolerant with your short-comings, and a sympathetic confidant, and a good sport and companion. That above definition might be called Utopian, but a person that lacks any of the above qualities they are not a friend, merely an acquaintance.

"The Last Cord"

In a poorly furnished, unheated attick lived an old decrepit man, who was too old to work and who was slowly starving to death. Although he was sick and hungry, he went, day after day, from one end of the town to another, begging for work. If it were only chopping a little wood or mowing a lawn or anything to earn a little money. But the poor old man could obtain nothing and at last, too weary to look any more, he trudged slowly homeward. He went up the long flights of stairs with faltering footsteps and at last he reached his dark little room. he reached his dark little room. Too tired to stand up any longer he threw himself down in a rickety chair that had been pushed against the table, and from a violin case that was lying unforgotten on top of it came a low sob! Slowly turning his head he looked at the case with a joyous loving expression on his face. He stood up and lifted his fine old head proudly, squared his shoulders, then leaning over the table lifted the precious instrument out of the case. He tucked the violin under his chin and going to the window, facing the west where

the sun was setting, he drew the bow across the strings. At first it gave forth slow drawn out sobs but soon came sweet emotional strains that swayed him from side to side. For an hour he played. Played with all the passion, emotion and feeling that only a genius, who had lived and suffered can play. At last the music began to grow fainter and sweeter as though a great calm was coming over his soul. A stony far off look came into the old musician's eyes and slower and fainter came the music. At last it ceased entirely and the old man slowly sank to the floor, crushing the violin under him. As he closed his eyes in death a last long heartbreaking sob came from the violin as the old fiddle crumbled beneath him!

Night had fallen and the attic room was in darkness except for a faint moonbeam that shone on the still body of the musician. White and motionless he lay on the cold floor with the remains of the old fiddle under him, his bow in his hand, and a happy, calm smile on his proud clean cut face lit up by the pale light of the moonbeam.

F. G. '30.

The Girl at the Wheel

The long grey car shot forward with a violent jerk; skidded and stopped three inches from an imposing stone wall.

"Humm," murmured the young man in the front seat, "I thought you said you'd learn to drive this car to-day! Now you go and try to kill me by bumping into this stone wall."

"Oh now Bob, don't be sarcastic. You know it wasn't my fault that the clutch came up too fast. If it hadn't been for that old clutch ev-

erything would have gone well." The young girl gave the object in question a vicious kick.

"Sure, you drive like DePaola himself," granted Bob, showing plainly that he did not consider it an easy task to teach his sixteen-year-old sister to drive.

Again the young girl bent to the gears. This time her efforts proved more satisfactory. Encouraged by this Bob's sister increased the speed of the car while Bob huddled sulkily in the corner.

Suddenly he straightened and grabbed for his hat which evaded him like a bird.

"There goes my hat! Stop I tell you, or," sarcastically, "can't you?"

The car stopped with evident ease and Bob climbed out of the car, turning to pick his new collegiate hat, the pride of his heart, out of the mud.

Enraged by this Bob turned and in a very cold polite manner requested his sister to "get out from under that wheel!"

And from Bob's evident displeasure it was clearly understood by his sister that it would be a long time before he would allow a girl at the wheel of his new car.

E. G. I. '28.

Heap Bear and Landscapes

Bob Hart and Bert Scott were completing their last term at college. They roomed together and thus developed a true friendship.

Bob was a real "dude" while Bert was rather careless about his appearance. Bert's great rule of life, which he had picked up at college, and inscribed in several of his books, was this: "On earth there is nothing great but man; in man there is nothing great but mind." Consequently it was not surprising that a fellow working on a transcendental principle like this, should have thought it beneath him to pay much attention to his clothes. As a matter of fact, he wore his boots until they began to gape at the sides. He went about the streets in an old topcoat that looked as though it had once been black,—but so rusty and threadbare that you would have blushed to offer it even to an old clothes man. As for his linen, he never would have changed it, if his landlady, Mrs. Barry, did not always take a clean shirt into his room every Sunday morning before Bert was up, and carry the dirty one off. You may imagine his hat, old and shabby, with a rim that went up and down with each step.

If Bert ever looked worse than with his hat on, it was with his hat off. No one ever saw hair like Bert's; not that it had bad color but he very rarely had it cut or

brushed. One day it looked so very dry and frowsy his room-mate could not help remonstrating him:

"Positively, Bert, you must pay some attention to your personal appearance. Why, your head is like a mop!"

The scolding had no effect on Bert, insomuch as he thought there was nothing great in man but mind, so what did it matter if his head did look like a mop.

If Bert had an interest in women, it might have affected his appearance. But Bert was a woman hater—or rather a woman scorner, as Bob would say,—for he did not think them worth hating.

Bob however, was in love. One night when they were having their usual smoke before retiring—Bob broke the silence with:

"Say, Bert, you know Phyllis Kane?"

"If I don't it isn't for want of hearing of her," replied Bert satirically.

"Well, we are to be married next month," said Bob.

Bert laughed heartily. He thought it was a joke.

"On my honor, we are," interrupted Bob.

Bert's face became grave. All was quiet then he said thoughtfully and solemnly: "Well, Bob, I couldn't have thought this of you." Then he looked mournfully into the fire and added: "Have you consid-

ered this subject? Don't you know as well as I do, that, once married, you are done for? There is no backing out of it. At this time of your life, too, with all the world before you; Oh it can't be! You are joking."

Bob answered slowly—"I assure you I am perfectly serious."

"But look here Bob," he said, "Look at the philosophy of the thing. A wife. Cui bono? what have you to complain of here? Mrs. Barry is punctual with your meals, darns your socks and sews on your buttons, what more do you want?"

"Why, Bert, you seem to know nothing of the poetry of love and marriage," he replied earnestly.

"Poetry!" cried Bert, "don't mention it in that connection. A wife and family to support, the care of a home, you'll know what the poetry of love is then, my boy." He concluded with a jerk of the head, relit his pipe and looking as though he had given up Bob for lost.

A few days later Bert was out of town and when he returned he seemed to be very abstracted. The next day he had his hair cut. Bob was very surprised and upon seeing him he exclaimed in irrepressible astonishment "Hello, Bert got your hair cut?"

"Yes," he replied, in rather an irritated tone, "have you ever seen a fellow with a haircut before?"

"I haven't seen you very often Bert," Bob answered meekly.

Bert did not answer, as it seemed to annoy him. This was unusual for him to talk that way to Bob because they were the very best of friends. Bob was further surprised when upon rising, Bert brushed and even oiled his hair, donned a clean shirt every second morning and actually quarreled with Mrs. Barry for not starching the wristbands. Then came a fashionable hat; then a pair of new shoes, so small that Bob would have been willing to swear that Bert's feet would never

get into them. Bob's amusement was unbounded, he could not account for the change in Bert and would remark nothing on account of the rebuff he got when he mentioned the haircut.

Bert who always stayed at home, not going out frequently. Some times he would not return until quite late and upon questioning him he told Bert that he went to call upon his Aunt Patty, who lived at Queen's Court. But Bob who knew all Bert's business and relatives never heard of this aunt, consequently he rather doubted Bert's frequent visits to his aunt.

One day when the two chums sat down to have a quiet chat, Bert jumped up and said: "I forgot to mail that letter, I must go at once. He did go and did not return until 10:30. He told Bob he just went in to see his aunt and stayed longer than he had intended to. The following night when Bob was calling on his fiancée SHE said: "Oh, Bob, what a merry fellow Bert Scott is!"

"Bert Scott! where did you see him?" questioned Bob excitedly. "He took tea with us at Mrs. Ryan's last night, Phylis said.

"Who, What, Why, Where?" he cried.

"Your room-mate Bert Scott took tea with us at Mrs. Ryan's who lives at Queen's Crescent. Gert Ryan, you know, was a school companion of mine. We had loads of fun," she answered.

Here was a revelation! Now Bob began to discern the secret of Bert's reformation; his walks to Queen's Crescent, and, finally the visits to Aunt Patty's and especially the visit of the night previous to this one.

Phylis told Bob that Bert met Gertrude Ryan on the train, that they fell in love with each other, and that Bert visited Gert once and sometimes twice a day.

Bob went home bubbling over with joy. He waited and waited and

finally at 10:30 o'clock Bert appeared.

"Hello, there," said Bob, "where have you been?"

"Just out!" Bert answered curtly.

"Compose yourself Bert, I have sad news for you," said Bob. "I have just heard your Aunt Patty is dead!"

"Eh!" cried Bert, turning around while his face reddened.

"Dead and gone, Bert, is your poor aunt, your mother's sister, you know." A long pause,—Bert's face scarlet now. "Not Aunt Gert," Bob said at last, "Oh, no!"

Bert's face displayed shame and merriment, curiosity and chagrin almost all at once. At last he stammered, "A real old-fashioned girl and she really blushes; she is beautiful."

They talked for some time, Bert confessing all and they agreed to go and see Gert and Phylis together the following night. And she really was beautiful.

A month later Bob and Phylis were married and settled down. One night Bert phoned and told Bob that he was coming right over on important business. The business was that he wanted to know how to go about asking Gert to marry him.

Then Bob's eyes twinkled and he said solemnly: "Bert, I didn't expect this of you. At your time of life, too, with the world and life before you. Ah, my boy! You thing it is all poetry!"

"O come, come Bob, please tell me——" he pleaded, "tell me how to go about asking her."

"Well," said Bob laughing, "I popped the question in a very simple way. I had been spending an evening with Phylis, and at last pulling out my watch and said, 'It's late, I must be off.' 'No,' she said, 'It can't be ten yet.' 'Look for yourself,' I said turning my watch to-

ward her. She looked and saw this landscape on the face of my watch. 'Oh, what a sweet little cottage!' she said pointing to it. 'Dear me,' I said, 'so it is; I never looked at it particularly before. What would you say Phyl, to our taking a nice little cottage like that for ourselves, eh?' She blushed and squeezed my hand, as much as to say, 'Oh! do let us!' And so that was settled."

"By Jove! Bert cried. "That's great Bob, give me you watch for to-night and I will try it."

On the way to Gert's home he set the watch two hours ahead—stayed with Gert one hour and then looked at the watch saying: "I must go, it is ten o'clock, see for yourself."

He put his watch so that she could see it and said pointing: "Pretty landscape that." Trembling all the while.

"So it is," exclaimed Gert—"a very sweet cottage."

"A very sweet cottage!" repeated Bert with startling energy. "Remarkably sweet cottage! Gert!" he continued in soft persuasive tones—"I say, Gert, what would you say—what would you say it—it would cost to engrave that."

Alas for Bert, his purpose failed.

Bert went to Bob's office the next morning very down-hearted. He told Bob of his hard luck, gave the watch back and left.

When Bob went home he told Phylis of Bert's problem and that they must think of some way to solve it. They thought and thought and finally Bob said: "I have it. They is Leapyear you know. Now do you think you can persuade Gert to ask to see the cottage again and then pop the question by asking if he would like to share one like it with her."

Phylis was shocked at first but finally she said she would go to Gert at once and explain everything.

In less than an hour Bert rushed into Bob's home and cried: "Old Top, it's all fixed. She asked to see

the cottage again and I didn't have it, then she asked me if I wouldn't like to have one like it and share it with her. Hurrah! She's mine—Now and forever—Hurrah for Leap Year.
M. M. S. '28

Brilliancy is not essential to success. Very often it is the brilliant boy that lacks the most important essential for success, that is reliability. Reliability will get even the dullest person further than the unreliable brilliant one.

The present issue of the "Oracle" is the last issue of the "Oracle" by the Class of 1928. Much work has been put into it by the staff. We hope it will be read with interest by all, and accepted as a sample of the quality of the work done by the "Class of 1928."

Graduation day is a day of happiness, fulfillment, decisions, memories and regret. What we have done and what we have not done are matters of satisfaction and regret. But the future lies before us, a clean slate, let us make it something more than the ordinary. To get the best advantages out of a high school education we must not consider it a finished product, but the foundation of future knowledge. It is a question of going out in the world half equipped or from the heights, of professional expertness. "Do what you can to build on your high school education."

THE IDEAL TEACHER

She understood me when I was in sorrow, she rejoiced with me in my childish pleasures; she always played the game square; she could be trusted with my confidences; she could find the way out of my difficulties; she always said the right thing at the right time, she was my ideal of what a teacher should be.

Usually one sees in the school papers the same old line of jokes. Notice the jokes in this issue of the "Oracle" and exclaim, Oh! how funny! These jokes are not the usual supply of school jokes, but something unusual and ought to furnish plenty of material for a good laugh. We the pupils of Stetson High thank the Joke Editors for their originality.

The Hon. David I. Walsh, U. S. S. is our special guest this evening. It is indeed a pleasure to extend our most cordial welcome to this honored son of Massachusetts.

Do not judge your school paper by the great metropolitan publications. The only fair comparisons is with other school papers, the school paper stands for school spirit. It effects the life of the school. If the boys and girls of the school have enough life to issue the paper it is your duty to subscribe for the paper if you are a student of an alumnus of that school. A school paper ought to represent the English department of the school. The department should be given expansion in the paper by means of short stories, poems, and special articles. Suppose that there are 40 pages with 14 pages of advertising.

The cost of printing 40 pages at \$4.50 per page is \$180. To this add \$24 cost of three full pages cuts, also allow \$10 for travelling and other incidentals. This makes a total of \$214. Not allowing \$10 per page for 14 pages we have \$140. Sales may amount to \$100, giving a total of \$240 and profit of about \$25. Dividing the total cost \$14 by the total number of copies 500 we have \$.43 the cost of each oracle. That is when we charge \$.25 per copy we are actually giving away \$18 only for the advertising we could not issue the paper at all.

THE DOCTOR THAT MADE A MAN

The dawn o'er the hilltops was creeping,
The cocks were beginning to crow,
A doctor sat stooped o'er a table,
Satisfaction was writ on his brow.

His face was toilworn and haggard,
His hands were placed on his hips,
As he gazed on the work of his life-time
A grim smile tightened his lips.

The doctor was highly exalted,
He had done what no mortal can,
Assembled together a collection of cells,
And concocted a human man.

With exhaustion the doctor fell into a
sleep,
A slumber both deep and profound,
While the huge and hideous body
Lay prone upon the ground.

Ah, such is the planning of nature,
Such is the working of life,
No matter how perfect our actions may
be,
We cannot have joy without strife.

And thus did fate work on the story
That while the doctor slept,
Life came to the creation
And into its still heart crept.

The doctor awoke as if from a trance
His heart was chilled with dread,
As he saw two ugly dull green eyes
Protrude from the human head.

He watched, incredulity dulled his brain.
The figure rose to its feet
And with twitching lips, and distorted
joints
Crept towards the doctor's seat.

And now the story pauses for
The briefest length of time
The creature was forgotten,
The doctor was still in his prime.

Then suddenly one dark fateful night
When the earth was surrounded in gloom
The physician awoke with a startled
scream
And saw the brute in his room.

"Have mercy," the creature yelled wildly,
"O you who gave me my life,
Create another such as I,
Whom I may call my wife.

"No matter where I chance to roam
Whenever I come in sight
Men stand still with horror,
And women flee, screaming in fright."

The physician gazed at the figure,
His very heart was chilled,
For he thought of the terrible outcome
Unless the brute was killed.

The doctor gazed at the work he had done
Then slowly shook his head,
'Tho a thing like pity filled his soul
His heart was filled with dread.

With a horrible scream of vengeance
The beast flew at the man,
And closed icy fingers about his throat,
Leering, "Now say 'No' if you can."

The dawn crept over the hilltops
And shone upon the bed,
And the sunbeams looked in at the win-
dow
Where the man and the beast lay—dead!

And now that this tale has come to a
close
I suppose that some readers will say,
"It is naught but the fantasy of a fool
Whom by imagination was led astray."

And yet, if you read in between the lines,
A moral you will find,
The work of God cannot be done
By any of mankind.

Isabelle McLea, '23.

CLASS OF '28

Oh! How four years come and go,
And at first the time went slow,
But graduation comes at last,
Then we learn the time went fast.

Our social times seemed so few,
But those we had were the best we
knew,
Just look through our list of classmates,
You'll see we're loyal twenty-eights.

When as freshmen first we came
Things did not seem quite the same,
We were always on the run,
Sent by Seniors having fun.

Now we're Seniors and we feel,
That we should make the Freshmen
kneel,
Four years make an awful change,
Now we think we own the range.

However I will end my task,
Just by saying first and last
That four years in Stetson High
Have too swiftly gone by!
G. H. T. '28.

MOTHER

In all life's queer vicissitudes,
Through one change and another,
We come to find there's not a friend,
Who loves us like our mother.

There's sweetheart, chum and bosom-
mate,
There's colleague and the rest,
But when we come right to fact,
Our mother loves us best.

So why wait 'till it is too late,
And she has gone away,
To show her how we 'preciate,
What she does for us each day.

Oh! why not let her know today,
By some kind deed or other,
That you really understand—
There's no friend like your mother!
I. M. M. '28.

FAREWELL!

Farewell to the Faculty
Teachers big and small
Farewell to old S. H. S.
Classmates one and all.

Farewell to the Juniors
And the Sophies too
Farewell to the Freshies
And all the tricks they do.

Farewell to our room—14
And all the shining (?) faces
Which Seniors now are giving up
To Juniors in their places.

I. M. M.

ODE TO THE TYPEWRITING
DEPARTMENT.

The steady click of the typewriters,
The din of the dictator's voice,
The Commercial students of S. H. S.
Hold Room 24 as a choice.

Steadily we work all day,
Never tiring of our tasks,
For it's easy to work with teachers we
love,
And we'll stick it out to the last.

With teachers that teach us to perse-
vere,
We'll win life's battle with fame,
For we have been taught throughout the
year,
To count each lesson, a gain!

In the business world, when school is
through,
May we click our way still cheering,
For S. H. S., and teachers best,
We will work our way never fearing.
E. H. W. '28.

GOOD TURN

There is much in that small
phrase. It means sacrifice perhaps
or inconvenience, but all this is
amply repaid by the feeling of grat-
ification for the doing of something
you didn't have to do. After all
the corners of this hard, old world
we live in are pretty sharp and to
soften them a little is worthy of
commendation.

Locals

This is the last time the Class of 1928, Stetson High School will broadcast from station S. H. S., the Oracle, Randolph, Massachusetts.

Again and for the last time we wish to thank all who helped to make our school-life pleasant and successful.

We are indeed awarded a special favor by having for our speaker this evening, the Hon. Senator David I. Walsh, U. S. S.

We have all agreed to TRY, at least, to live up to our motto, "Only the Best."

Our General Fund fainted, so to speak, about the first of May but was revived greatly by the proceeds of the entertainment and dance which was held in Chapin Hall, Thursday, May 17th. The main feature was a one-act play, "An Easy Mark" which by the hard work of the cast, under the careful direction of Miss Jane C. Good and Miss Ellen V. Pierson, made a great hit.

We wish to thank all who helped make this entertainment a success.

Let us thank the Tsoubadours here for all the services rendered in the past years. We DID appreciate their music.

The Oracle Staff sincerely hope that they have pleased you in the publications set forth this year.

Interest was aroused by a ten dollar, eight dollar, and five dollar award for Prize Speaking. The Contest was held April 27, 1928, and the prizes were awarded to Warren Shewbridge — \$10.00, Eleanor Iorio—\$8.00, Ralph Conklin—\$5.00.

Both our former teachers, Miss Glancy and Mr. Leavitt, have paid us a visit since they left us in January.

How did you enjoy the Junior Play?

Thank you for all the Good Wishes

William Filene & Sons have lent us some French war posters. The Filene collection is the most complete in America.

Traffic Cops are on duty daily, "Stop talking in the Corridors!"

We're pretty speedy on Fire Drills—You'd be surprised.

The small French flags in Room 22 give a decided Gallic atmosphere to the room.

A number of shorthand pupils have been awarded Order Gregg Artist Pins for writing artistic shorthand.

The only debt the Class of 1928 leaves is one of Gratitude to the Juniors for the enjoyable Reception given them.

Two members of the Senior Class have been awarded gold pins, three silver pins and five bronze pins for speed and accuracy in typewriting.

W. F. D. 28.

SENIOR ALPHABET.

Alden—Our Piano Player.
 Brennan—Our true friend always!
 Chapin—Our Principal, kind and true.
 Dolan—The traffic cop.
 Earnestness—Manifested by Senior Class.
 Friendship—Which rules the Class of '28.
 Good—Our Bookkeeping teacher.
 Heney—Our President.
 Iorio—Our Business Manager.
 Jokes—Our Class Day.
 Kakshtis—Our Chauffeur.
 Lovable—All of us.
 Meetings—Oracle Staff and Class.
 Night—In which to prepare our home lessons.
 Orderly—The Senior Class ???
 Powderly—Our History Teacher—Debating Coach.
 Quality—Not Quantity, that's us.
 Riley—Our Vice-President.
 Success—Our Senior Play.
 Treasury—Empty.
 Useless—Freshmen.
 Virtuous—Our Class.
 Walsh—Our Baby.
 X—An unknown quantity.
 You—Our Audience.
 Zeal—Shown by the Oracle Staff!

To err is human, to forgive divine.

STATISTICS.

Class Baby	Margaret Riley
Class Pet	Elizabeth Walsh
Class Giggler	Sarah Thomas
Model Girl Student	Grace Alden
Model Boy Student	Warren Shewbridge
Class Oiator	Hugh Heney
Class Athlete	George Tibbetts
Quietest Girl	Cora Peterson
Quietest Boy	Gordon Ludlam
Class Artist	Dorothy Teed
Class Musician	Grace Alden
Noisiest Boy	Henry Tangen
Noisiest Girl	Margaret Sullivan
Class Stenographer	Mildred Bradley
Class Florist	Althea Bates
Class Poet	Isabelle McLea
Jolliest Boy	Walter Swanson
Jolliest Girl	Arlene Billingham
Class Bookkeeper	Ruth Hewins
Class Typist	Mildred Condon
Smallest Girl	Lauretta Pomeroy
Smallest Boy	Harold Dixon
Class Soloist	Alida Morrow
Class Messenger	John Kakshtis
Friendliest Girl	Mary McDermott
Friendliest Boy	Hugh Heney
Most Childlike Girl	Erma Mann
Most Childlike Boy	Harold Dixon
Tallest Girl	Grace Alden
Tallest Boy	George Sullivan
Shortest Girl	Elizabeth Walsh
Shortest Boy	Harold Dixon
Most Carefree Boy	Joseph Loughlin
Most Businesslike Girl	Eleanora Iorio
Most Businesslike Boy	William Dolan
The Corridor Flirt	Swanson
Swim, Girl, Swim	Elizabeth Walsh
The Enemy	Report Cards
The Kid Brother	Dixon
The Little French Girl	Mildred Bradley
The Night Cry	Homework
A Perfect Gentleman	Hugh Heney
Three Musketeers	

G. M. A., M. A. R., S. M. T.

The Bells	8:15, 8:17
Slide, Kelly, Slide	Kiernan
Twinkletoes	Ruth Hewins
Say It Again	Mildred Condon
Uneasy Payments	5c collection
It	Hazel Powers
The Beloved Rogue	Tom Hoyer
Exit Smiling	Tibbetts
The Wandering President	Gavin

GRADUATION.

Four long years have passed and gone
 (For this we well may sigh)
 Since the loyal class of '28
 Entered Stetson High.

As Freshman bold we led the ranks
 As green as green could be
 There never was a Freshman yet,
 Who knew as much as we.

As Sophomores gallantly we strove
 (With luck both good and bad)
 To make our class the jolliest
 The school had ever had.

But when it came our Junior year
 We left all jokes at rest
 And started in so studiously
 To do our level best.

We studies hard all through the year
 And then—became a Senior,
 This was our aim and through we came
 Without a misdemeanor.

And now its Graduation day,
 With pride our hearts are tingling,
 As we turn our back to Stetson High
 With smiles and tears commingling.

We know not what may be our fate
 As a gift from the class of '28
 But we leave to our Alma Mater
 Our sincerest wish as a starter.

I. M. M. '28.

A teacher should be more than
 a hired machine. She should be
 understanding and friendly.

* * * *

Criticism may be good for one,
 but it is hard to take in large doses.

* * * *

Many thanks to the orchestra
 and all the participants in our semi-
 monthly assemblies.

* * * *

Is writing book reports a pleas-
 ure to you or do you dread it? Per-
 sonally the Editor wishes we had a
 larger variety than our library fur-
 nishes.

WORDS OF WISE MEN

To be content with moderate fortune is the best proof of Philosophy.

* * * * *

Constant practice often excels even talent.

* * * * *

Custom is the best interpreter of the laws.

* * * * *

Eloquence is the mistress of all arts.

* * * * *

Live every day as if thy last.

* * * * *

Men, be human, that is your first duty.

* * * * *

Laugh while you can, everything has its time.

* * * * *

Never is work without reward, or reward without work.

* * * * *

You will never lose by doing.

* * * * *

Wise men increase their opportunities

* * * * *

Richest is he that wants least.

* * * * *

It is a poor religion that is never strong except when its owner is sick.

* * * * *

A man is willing to be pushed to the front, but he resents being shoved.

* * * * *

Many can command, to be obeyed is another story.

* * * * *

Gentleness is the best indication of strength.

* * * * *

If you want to know your friends make a mistake.

* * * * *

If there were only three men in the world one of them would be a leader.

Quick temper is human, prolonged hate is satanic.

* * * * *

If you want to be big find some good in your enemy.

* * * * *

A learned man frankly says he does not know, an ignorant man is ashamed to do so.

* * * * *

Many an audience applauds a speaker, not because he is eloquent, but because his tiresome speech is over.

* * * * *

Hitch your wagon to a star.

* * * * *

Things good are difficult.

* * * * *

Kindness knows no repentence.

* * * * *

A good custom is surer than law.

* * * * *

Friendship is love without its wings.

* * * * *

Difficulties are things which show what men are.

* * * * *

Learn all that you can about all that you can as well as you can.

* * * * *

"Real good advice isn't freely given. It is asked for."

Deliver your words, not by number, but by weight.

A mule has 2 legs on B hind

And 2 he has B 4,

U stand B hind B 4 U find,

What the 2 B hind B 4.

Caller: "Is the master of the house in?"

(Father of Ed Clark): "Yes, he's asleep upstairs in the cradle."

Mr. Clark: "Why don't you answer me?"

R. Gavin: "I did, Mr. Clark. I shook my head."

Mr. Clark: "But you don't expect me to hear it rattle way up here, do you?"

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

A moving picture by the name of "Dress Parade" featuring William Boyd, was recently given for the benefit of the Senior Class.

For graduation the boys decided to wear blue suits and the girls decided to wear white sport dresses.

There has been much discussion over the wearing apparel of the boys at the Reception, and they have decided to wear Tuxedos.

For a Class Gift the Seniors agreed on a bust of Lindberg. A mimeograph, a much needed addition to the Typewriting Room, was at first considered, but owing to the lack of funds it was impossible for the class to purchase this gift.

The Senior Class has decided on the following:

Colors—Pink and White.

Flower—Rose.

Motto—"Only the Best."

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

A play, "Polly wants a Cracker" was presented by the Junior Class in Chapin Hall, on Friday evening, April 13. Through the hard work of the cast and the careful direction of Miss Winifred Brennan of the faculty, and Miss Dorothy Gavin, Alumni, the play was a success both financially and socially. The cast was as follows:

Mary Purcell	Polly
Eva Lokitis	Mrs. Wayne
Hildur	Nora
Isabelle Philbrook	Lucerne
Henry Merrill	Tom
Vincent Kiernan	Mr. Wayne
Clifford Shea	Doran, the detective

The proceeds will be used to defray the expenses of the Junior-Senior Reception.

The Junior-Senior Reception was held in Chapin Hall on June 1, with the following program:

Address of Welcome Mary Purcell

Class Prophecy..... Elizabeth Walsh
Class Will Warren Shewbridge
"A Family Affair"

A one-act play presented under the direction of Miss Winifred Brennan and Miss Dorothy Gavin.

The party then adjourned to the lunch room where a collation was served under the supervision of Mrs. Harris, assisted by some girls in the Junior Class. This was followed by the presentation of the class gifts in the form of knocks to the Seniors. Dancing was enjoyed until one o'clock with music by the Troubadours. Miss Brennan of the faculty was in charge of the affair.

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

The Sophomore's Class President, Tom Hoyer, has been forced to leave school on account of illness. He is greatly missed by his teachers and classmates.

Telephone operators should work eight hours a day and sleep eight hours a day, but not the same eight hours!

* * * *

M. Sullivan: "Did the doctor treat you to-day?"

C. Peterson: "No! He charged me five dollars."

* * * *

Sally Thomas: "What's the difference between a hairdresser and a sculptor?"

M. Riley: "I don't know."

Sally T.: "A hairdresser curls up and dyes and a sculptor makes faces and busts."

* * * *

M. Bradley: "Hazel, have you a head-ache?"

H. Powers: "No, why?"

Mildred: "Well, why the aspirin tablet?"

Hazel: "Oh! you! That's my vanity case."

BOYS' ATHLETICS.

Early in the baseball season candidates for the baseball team were called out for a try out by Mr. Powderly, our coach. Great interest was manifested in baseball this year since those who came out were so large a number that it was necessary, before taking any definite steps, to eliminate about half of the candidates. The successful candidates were Nugent, pitcher; Crowell, first base; Kiernan, catcher; Shea, second base; Tom Hoyer (who was later replaced by Pignatelli), third base; Cushing, shortstop; Collins, Roode, Corrigan and Nelson, fielders.

Before starting the season the baseball boys met in Room 21 to elect their manager and captain. For their manager they elected John Crowell, and for their captain they chose Earnest Cushing, our Freshman shortstop. Cushing has been highly honored by the team, since very rarely is a player elected captain in his Freshman year.

Towards the last of May our third baseman, Tom Hoyer, was taken ill and was unable to play the season out. We hope, however, that Tom will regain his health rapidly and be back on third base in September.

We have won a fair ratio of our games this season, having lost several games by the lack of one run. There are no Senior boys on the baseball team. This means that we shall have to lose no players by graduation and that the team will be fairly well organized early next season, which should result in the winning of many games.

JOIN THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

On June 7 the Classes of 1925, 1926 and 1927 held a meeting in Chapin Hall. The purpose of the meeting was to try to form an active Alumni Association. Plans were made to run a dance on June

15, 1928.

The Alumni Association is aiming to form a large active association with all the graduates of Stetson High School as members. I take this opportunity to cordially invite every graduate of Stetson High School to join the Association at their earliest possible convenience. There will be a meeting of the association the latter part of June.

ALUMNI NOTES

Pauline Knebel
Office of Lee Higginson Co.
Walter Teed
In business with his father
William Doyle
Gilchrist Co., Furniture Dept.
Charles Dockendorff
Office of Mystic Steamship Co.
Seth Swain
Randolph Chemical Works
Alice Collins
Brockton Business College
Elizabeth Doyle
Bridgewater Normal School
Eleanor Kelley
Bridgewater Normal School
Kathleen O'Neil
Bridgewater Normal School
Eleanor Rent
Payne Furniture Co.
Marjorie Mann Edison Electric Co
Mabel Forrest Posse Nissen School
Clare Sullivan
Boston Normal Art
Clara Diauto
Office of Frank Diauto Co.
Alice McFadden
Bryant & Stratton, Co.
Pauline Doble
Boston Teachers' College
Muriel Furbush
Office M. B. Claff Co.
Violet Thompson
Emp. of Richards & Brennan Co.
Dorothy Boothby
Bridgewater Normal School
Mildred French
Boston University P. A. L.
Alice Dickie Boston University
Eleanor Boyle
Traveller Insurance Company

Class of Nineteen Twenty-Eight

Stetson High

Alden, Grace Madeline	McDermott, Mary Josephine
Bates, Althea May	McLea, Isabelle Mae
Benvie, Edna Frances	Morrow, Alida Catherine
Billingham, Arline Elizabeth	Peterson, Cora Alberta
Bossi, Irene Mary	Pomeroy, Lauretta Rose
Bradley, Mildred Alice	Powers, Hazel
Condon, Mildred Claire	Riley, Margaret Alice
Dolan, William Francis	Sullivan, Margaret Mary
Dixon, Harold Edward	Shewbridge, Warren Carl
Hewins, Ruth Louise	Sullivan, George Robert
Heney, Hugh William	Swanson, Walter
Iorio, Eleanora Georgette	Teed, Dorothy Laura
Kakshtis, John	Thomas, Sarah Matilda
Loughlin, Joseph Thomas	Tangen, George Henry
Ludlam, Grodon William	Tibbetts, George Harold
Mann, Ethel Lillian	Walsh, Elizabeth Harriett
Mann, Erma Catherine	

CLASS ORGANIZATION

President	-	-	-	-	Hugh W. Heney
Vice President		-		-	Margaret A. Riley
Secretary	-	-	-	-	Hazel Powers
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	Walter Swanson
Class Motto	"Only The Best"				
Class Flower	-				Pink Rose

PROGRAMME

MARCH at piano Mildred Bradley

MARSHAL, Elizabeth Walsh

INVOCATION Rev. Eugene S. Philbrook

OVERTURE "Diana" Orchestra

SALUTE TO FLAG Led by Hazel Powers

"OLD IRONSIDES" Boys' Glee Club

ADDRESS OF WELCOME Margaret A. Riley

CLASS HISTORY Grace M. Alden

LINCOLN'S FIRST INAUGURAL Warren C. Shewbridge

PRESENTATION OF CLASS GIFT Walter Swanson

ADDRESS OF FAREWELL Hugh W. Heney

"A DREAM BOAT PASSES BY"—E.H.Lemare Mixed Chorus

ADDRESS Senator David I. Walsh
Introduction by Mr. Joseph Belcher

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS
Principal Frederick E. Chapin

HISTORY AND TYPEWRITING MEDALS

"AMERICA" School and Audience

Name	Nickname	Noted For	Pastime
Grace Alden	Gracie	Loyalty	Playing Piano
Althea Bates	Al	Boy Friend	Dreaming
Edna Benvie	Edna	Being Quiet	Chewing Gum
Arline Billingham	Billy	Jazz	Dancing
Irene Bossi	Irene	Faithfulness	Blushing
Mildred Bradley	Mil	Flirting	Making Comments
Mildred Condon	Condon	Skipping	Typing
William Dolan	Bill	Love of the ladies	Printing
Harold Dixon	Dichon	Grinning	Reading History Questions
Hugh Heney	Heney	School Spirit	Arguing
Ruth Hewins	Ruthie	Flirting	Keeping Dates
Eleanora Iorio	Eleanor	Slimness	Studying
John Kakshtis	Johnnie	Generosity	Auto Riding
Joseph Loughlin	Joe	Side remarks	Studying
Gordon Ludlam	Mope	Courting	Talking to "Izzy"
Ethel Mann	Ethel	Being Quiet	Curling her hair
Erma Mann	Erma	Faithfulness	Studying
Mary McDermott	Mac	Coiffure	Playing checkers
Isabelle McLea	Izzy	Poems	Riding in the "Gray"
Alida Morrow	Al	French	Smiling
Cora Peterson	Cozy	Silence	Blushing
Lauretta Pomeroy	Skinny	Noise	Driving
Hazel Powers	Peg	Enthusiasm	Attending ball games
Margaret Riley	Peggy	Reliability	Being friendly
Warren Shewbridge	Shewbridge	Willingness	Orating
Walter Swanson	Swanie	Bluffing	Combing his hair
George Sullivan	George	Height	Eating
Margaret Sullivan	Sully	Good Memory	Writing poems
Henry Tangen	Tangen	Geometry	Giving P. M. Sessions
Dorothy Teed	Dot	Clothes	Drawing
Sarah Thomas	Sally	Smiling	Debating
George Tibbetts	Tib	Nonchalance	Studying Hamlet
Elizabeth Walsh	Lizabeth	Freckles	Visiting Room 24

Characteristics	Favorite Saying	Favorite Song	Ambition
Diplomacy	Sh-sh-sh	Clarissima	To be a dietitian
Curling her hair	Good-night	Is He My Boy Friend	To be married
Shyness	I should worry	Mine All Mine	Get a permanent wave
Talking Back	Hey Hey	Ramona	To go to Europe
Calmness	Oh, dear	Honest and Truly	Be famous
Sporty	Jokes	My Trixie from Dixie	School Teacher
Her squeal	Yah!	School-day Sweethearts	World's Champion Typist
Self confidence	I guess so	Moonlight and You	To be a politician
Boistrousness	I don't know	Rag-Doll	To be a druggist
His aptitude for history	Class come to order	Wings	To be a Senator
Style	Oh, Boy	I Wish I had a Sweetheart	Opera singer
Modernism	You don't mind, do you?	You and I	To be an English teacher
Happy	Sure	My Blue Heaven	To be a Sax teacher
Height????	I'm not sure	My Myer	To be a soldier
Hilarity????	Say	Is She My Girl Friend	To be a shiek
Agreeableness	What's the matter?	Back in Your Own Backyard	To be a nurse
Quietness	What	Sweet Mystery of Life	To be a bookkeeper
Pleasing	Oh! no!	Rain	To fall in love
Coyness	Really	Me and My Boy Friend	Change her name
Content	I guess so	Memory Lane	Opera singer
Efficiency	Honest	Sweetheart of Sigma Chi	Cashier
Businesslike	I'll say so!	Varsity Drag	To grow
Talking	Is that right?	Lucky in Love	Somebody's stenog
Dignity	Very nice and proper	My Wild Irish Rose	To go to college
Forceful	Aw, go on	The Hour I Spent With You	To be president
Style	Don't be foolish	Dreams	To go in the movies
Bashful	I know it	Imagination	Pianist
Runnin' things	I told you so	My Ohio Home	To be a nurse
Friendly	Well-l-l	Sun Shine	A civil engineer
Neatness	Corkerish	Girl of My Dreams	To be an artist
Joviality	Hey! Listen	Gypsy Love Song	To teach problems of Democracy
Care Free	Oh, for pity sake	Small Town Sport	Actor
Cheerful	Listen!!	There Must Be a Silver Lining	Commercial Teacher

EXCHANGES

We would like to acknowledge the following exchanges and to express our gratitude for the many papers received.

As we see others:

The Parrot, Norton High School, Norton, Mass. A very neat edition. A table of contents would add to its appearance.

The Partridge, Duxbury High School, Duxbury, Mass. Your cover is extremely pleasing and the editorials were excellent and much appreciated.

The Sassamon, Natick High School, Natick, Mass. We enjoyed your Literary Department immensely. Additions to the Joke Department would be an improvement.

The Harpoon, Dartmouth High School, Dartmouth, Mass. Your booklet is well arranged but a few more editorials would be an asset.

The Glen Echo, Codorus Township High School, Glenville, Pa. An excellent magazine. Additions to the Literary Department would add to its already fine appearance.

The Enterprise, Keene High School, Keene, N. H. Your April Fool number was very spicy—but where are your cuts.

—
As others see us:

Karux: Your publication is very neat and attractive — your jokes are enjoyable. Why not more of them. An enlargement of your exchange department would be an improvement.

The Sassamon: We all wish we could have seen your musical comedy — the program certainly sounded good. Wouldn't a few more short stories add to your well-organized booklet?

The Parrot: We enjoyed reading your paper very much. Why

not enlarge your exchange department?

List of papers received.

The Sassamon, Natick High School, Natick, Mass.

The Parrot, Norton High School, Norton, Mass.

The Golden Rod, Quincy High School, Quincy, Mass.

The Pinnacle, Ambler High School, Ambler, Pa.

The Aerial, Atherton High School, Louisville, Ky.

The Sagamore, Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

The Mass. Coll., Mass. Institute of Technology, Amherst, Mass.

The B. U. News, Boston University, Boston, Mass.

The Partridge, Duxbury High School, Duxbury, Mass.

The Harpoon, Dartmouth High School, Dartmouth, Mass.

The Buzzer, Baton Rouge High School, Baton Rouge, La.

Karux, Phillipsburg High School, Phillipsburg, N. J.

The Breeze, Center City High School, Center City, Minn.

The Pingry, Pingry High School, Elizabeth, N. J.

The Hub, Cambridge High School, Cambridge, Mass.

Glen Echo, Codorus Township High School, Glenville, Pa.

Orange and Black, Hanover High School, Hanover, Pa.

The Brocktonia, Brockton High School, Brockton, Mass.

The Enterprise, Keene High School, Keene, N. H.

Pad and Pencil, Chandler Secretarial School, Boston, Mass.

Burdett Lion, Burdett College, Boston, Mass.

The Student Pen, East Bridgewater High School, E. Bridgewater.

G. W. L. '28 E. F. B. '28.

Personals

GRACE M. ALDEN—Born in Randolph, Mass., August 13, 1911. She attended and was graduated from the Belcher Grammar School. During her four years in high school Grace has rapidly progressed in all her studies and has made a great many friends among the teachers and student body. Grace has been very active in school. She has for two years been a member of the Debating Team. This year she was elected Editor-in-chief of the "Oracle" and was also given a place on the Executive Board. Grace has taken part in all the entertainments that the class has given. In the Senior Class play "Marrying Marion", she played the role of a spinster schoolma'am, Prudence McWhiffle, very successfully.

Grace has been exceptionally successful in the 4-H Club work and her efforts, however, were rewarded with a "Loving Cup" which was awarded to her. During her Sophomore year at high school she was sent to Chicago as a representative from Norfolk County for the 4-H Club.

BATES, ALTHEA MAY—South Street, Randolph. Born June 13, 1909. She attended the Prescott Grammar School and graduated from there in June 13, 1924. She entered Stetson High School in September, 1924 and is to graduate June 21, 1928. She has taken part in the following plays—"Waiting for the Bus", "Please Stand By", and was one of the chorus girls in our Senior Play "Marrying Marion."

BENVIE, EDNA FRANCES—24 Depot Street. Born in East Boston on March 24, 1911. She attended the Waverley Grammar School and later the Prescott Grammar School from which she was graduated on June 13, 1924. She was graduated on June 13, 1924. She entered Stetson High School on September 7, 1924. She played the part of a chorus girl in our Senior play, and She has been Exchange Editor for one year. In February she received an O. G. A. pin for perfect shorthand outlines.

BILLINGHAM, ARLINE—Born June 5, 1909, in Roslindale. She attended school in Stoughton and was graduated from the grammar school there in June 1923. She entered Stetson High School September, 1924. Arlene has displayed a good deal of school spirit since she has been in Randolph and she is very popular with the fellow students. We all wish her success.

BOSSI, IRENE—Born in Hanson, Mass., December 29, 1910. She attended St. Patrick's School, Brockton, and later the Prescott Grammar School. Irene is noted for her friendly character and shy manners. She has worked very studiously during her four years of high school. In the Senior play "Marrying Marion" she took the part of a maid of 1812. She also took part in other small plays.

BRADLEY, MILDRED—Born in Randolph, December 23, 1910. She attended the Prescott School. Mildred was vice-president of the class of '28 in S. H. S. for three years, and has taken prominent parts in "Waiting for the Bus", "Please Stand By", and was Ruth Ripley in the Senior Play, "Marrying Marion." She was chairman of the Debating Team, and the Executive Committee and has played on the hockey and basketball teams. Mildred is one of the star typists of the high school and will be awarded the second gold medal to-night.

CONDON, MILDRED—Born on Howard Street, Randolph, August 7, 1911. She graduated from Belcher School in 1924. Mildred is well known in Stetson High School. She took the part of a flapper in "Waiting for the Bus", and in "Marrying Marion". She also took part in "Please Stand By." During her Senior year she was Athletic Editor of the "Oracle". Mildred is the star typist of the high school and will be awarded the first gold medal to-night.

DOLAN, WILLIAM FRANCIS—Commercial course. Born in Randolph, February 19, 1911, and graduated from Prescott Grammar School. Bill is one of the best students in bookkeeping, and he also is the Vice-Chairman of the American History Class. Bill's ambition is to be an accountant.

DIXON, HAROLD—Commercial Course. Born in Randolph, July 10, 1911, and graduated from the Belcher Grammar School. He entered S. H. S. in September, 1924. Harold has taken part in two of our plays. "Waiting for the Bus" and "Please Stand By."

HENEY, HUGH WILLIAM—A prominent member of the Senior Class was born in Randolph, June 8, 1910. He was graduated from Prescott Grammar School, June, 1924. Hugh is president of the Class of '28. He is known as a student of history and is also a star debater and one of the mainstays of the Debating Team. He is one of the most popular boys in S. H. S.

HEWINS, RUTH LOUISE—Born at Randolph, Mass., July 2, 1911. She is a graduate of the Belcher Grammar School. Ruth was secretary of the Freshman Class and a member of the Executive Committee during her first two years at high school. Ruth has always displayed great ability in dramatics. She had the part of "Muriel" in "Waiting for the Bus" and the part of "Nell can't sing" in "Please Stand By". She took the role of "Marion" in "Marrying Marion" and the part of "Dorothy" in "An Easy Mark." If we could select Ruth's career we would surely destine her as an actress.

IORIO, ELEANORA GEORGETTE—Born at Hyde Park, Mass., July 7, 1910. Eleanora is a very active member of the Class of '28. She was a graduate from the Belcher Grammar School. During her Sophomore year at high school she served on the Executive Committee. She was a radio announcer in the play "Please Stand By". She is the business manager of the "Oracle" and a timer on the Debating Team. At the Prize Speaking Contest Eleanora won second prize. We feel that she is worthy of much praise, she being the only girl to receive honors at this contest. Throughout her school days Eleanora has made many friends and we shall always remember her as "Miss 1928" in the Senior Class Play. We wish her the best of luck and success.

KAKSHTIS, JOHN—Born on March 1, 1910, in South Boston and attended school there, but when he moved to Randolph he pursued his studies in the Belcher Grammar School from which he was graduated in June, 1924. John has taken the English Course in Stetson High School, and was president of our class in the Junior year. John plays the saxophone and has appeared in many of our school programs. He is a member of "The Troubadours." He is the official chauffeur of the class and the school in general. He is the Advertising Manager of the "Oracle" staff. He also earned for himself the title of the most obliging boy in the Senior Class.

LOUGHLIN, JOSEPH THOMAS—Born in Randolph on June 1, 1910. He attended Prescott Grammar School from which he was graduated in June, 1924. He entered Stetson High School in September, 1924 and as a Commercial student, has devoted himself to the commercial studies throughout his four years. He has exhibited considerable skill in lettering.

LUDLAM, GORDON WILLIAM—Born in Roslindale, Massachusetts on July

30, 1909. He attended grammar school in Roslindale and later at the Belcher School in Randolph. His first year of high school was passed at Mount Hermon in Northfield, Mass., but he joined us when we were Sophomores. Gordon has taken the Commercial Course. He was treasurer of the Class of '28 in his Junior year, and he has often given his time to act as school treasurer in many entertainments. He is one of the exchange editors of the "Oracle."

MANN, ETHEL—Born October 28, 1910, in Randolph, Mass., she graduated from the Belcher Grammar School in June, 1924, and in September of the same year entered Stetson High School. Ethel has taken part in several of the class entertainments. In the Senior Class Play "Marrying Marion" she acted the part of a dignified Gibson Girl. Ethel has been very active in athletics being a member of basketball and baseball teams, where she did very good work.

MANN, ERMA—Born in Randolph, Mass. She attended and was graduated from the Belcher School. She is an accomplished violinist and has played at several of the class entertainments. She has always been very quiet and studious, with determination to accomplish everything she sets out to do.

McDERMOTT, MARY—Born in Dorchester, Mass., November 6, 1911. She graduated from the Prescott Grammar School. This year Mary was secretary of one of the American History classes. She has taken part in several of the plays that have been put out by the class. In the senior class play she was one of the chorus, where she had the outstanding part of "A Girl of Today." Mary's friendly ways have made her very popular.

McLEA, ISABELLE—Born September 12, 1911, in Boston, Mass. She was graduated from the Prescott Grammar School, June, 1924. This year she was unanimously elected to the position of "Literary Editor" on the "Oracle" staff. Isabelle has taken part in all the plays given by the class of 1928. and made her debut in "Waiting for the Bus". She was in "Please Stand By" and was one of the "Flappers" in "Marrying Marion".

MORROW, ALIDA—Born in Randolph, May 26, 1910. She was graduated from the Prescott Grammar School in June, 1924, and entered S. H. S. in September, 1924. Alida has a very lovely voice and has always been very willing to sing for us. She has taken part in many of our school entertainments.

PETERSON, CORA—Born in Dorchester, January 1, 1911. Cora attended the Belcher Grammar School from which she was graduated in June, 1924. She was a Pilgrim in the Senior Class Play. Cora is very quiet and is noted for her ladylike manners.

POMEROY, LAURETTA—Born in Randolph, on August 27, 1910. She attended the Belcher Grammar School until the eighth grade when she attended the Prescott Grammar School, and from which she was graduated on June 13, 1924. Lauretta was a "Flapper" in the Senior Play.

POWERS, HAZEL—Born on November 27, 1908, in Atlantic, Mass. She attended the Prescott Grammar School and was graduated from there on June 13, 1924. Hazel is secretary of the American History Class and also secretary of the class. In our Senior Play Hazel made a very excellent man. She has always been a very willing helper in all our school activities.

RILEY, MARGARET ALICE—Born in Randolph on October 24, 1911. Margaret attended the Belcher Grammar School and was graduated from there in June, 1924. During the Sophomore year Margaret was elected secretary of the class. In the Junior year Margaret was elected Vice-chairman of the American History Class and also a member of the Executive Committee. In the Senior Class Margaret was elected Vice-president of the Class. Margaret is also one of our actresses. She made a very sweet Civil War Girl in our Senior Play and also took part in "Please Stand By". With her jolly nature one can easily understand why "Peggy" was elected Joke Editor of the "Oracle."

SHEWBRIDGE, WARREN—Born on April 4, 1911. He attended and was graduated from the Belcher Grammar School. Warren has taken part in most of the plays which were presented by the school. Perhaps he gained most of his fame as an actor in the Senior Play "Marrying Marion". In this he played the part of Simpson, the Butler. Warren was elected to write the editorials on the "Oracle" staff and he has given us very excellent ones. He is also chairman of the American History Class and the Commercial Law Class. In the Public Speaking Contest held in Chapin Hall on April 27, Warren won first prize, which was ten dollars in gold. He also proved his ability for public speaking in the debates held this year. His team was not defeated.

SULLIVAN, GEORGE—Born on July 3, 1910, in Marlboro, Mass. He attended and was graduated from the Prescott Grammar School in June, 1924. George has been very helpful in all our school activities. He has been very helpful in all school activities.

SULLIVAN, MARGARET MARY—Born in Randolph, on July 20, 1911. Margaret was graduated from the Prescott Grammar School in June, 1924. She has served on the Executive Committee for the past three years. Margaret has taken part in several of our plays and she made an excellent wife to the professor in our Class Play. During this year Margaret was elected Alumni Editor of the "Oracle."

SWANSON, WALTER—Born in Boston, February 20, 1910. He moved to Randolph where he attended the Prescott Grammar School and from which he was graduated in June, 1924. Walter has been in all our plays and was leading man in "Marrying Marion." He has also starred in our debates.

TANGEN, HENRY—Born in Hyde Park, Mass., on December 10, 1910. He attended the Belcher Grammar School and was graduated from there in June 1924. He is the only member of the Class of 1928 receiving a Latin Diploma. Henry has taken part in many of our school activities and he had a prominent part in our musical comedy "Marrying Marion." He is noted for his good nature.

TEED, DOROTHY—Born in Randolph, on August 2, 1910. Dorothy came to high school from the Prescott School. She was one of the chorus in the Senior Class Play. It may be the brilliant students who set the class standards, but it is the steady, conscientious girls like "Dot" that maintain the standard. Dorothy has a great deal of artistic ability, and she hopes to continue her studies in that line.

THOMAS, SARAH—Born in Randolph, on July 16, 1911. She is a very active member of the Senior Class having been in the plays "Please Stand By" and "Marrying Marion." She has been secretary of the Problems of Democracy Class for the past year. She is a member of the Debating Team and assistant editor of the "Oracle."

TIBBETTS, GEORGE—Born on July 23, 1910, at Boothbay Harbor, Maine. George came to us from Braintree High School when he entered the Junior Class. Since then he has been very active in school affairs. He has had a leading part in all of our plays. George

proved his ability as a real actor in our Senior Play "Marrying Marion." George played on the basketball team and helped us to win our games. He is President of the Dramatic and Science Clubs.

WALSH, ELIZABETH H.—Born in Randolph, Mass., December 6, 1910. Elizabeth was graduated from the Prescott

School in 1924. Elizabeth is one of the happy-go-lucky class type. She is an on the girls' team. Elizabeth has taken ardent basketball enthusiast, playing part in most of the school plays and was a "Flapper" in the Senior Play. She is one of the Joke Editors of the "Oracle" staff.

JOKES

IF WE CANNOT STREW LIFE'S
PATHWAY WITH FLOWERS WE
CAN AT LEAST STREW IT WITH
SMILES!

* * * *

Mr. Powderly: "What are you late again for?"

A. Billingham: "Late for class, I guess."

* * * *

Dickson: "Oh, I only got 49% in my History examination."

Loughlin: Oh, you don't know the half of it."

* * * *

Miss Banigan: "Conjugate the verb, 'to swim'."

Swanson: "Swim, swam, swum."

Miss Banigan: "Now conjugate the word, 'dim'."

Swanson: "Say, are you trying to kid me?"

* * * *

Grace (in Tange's car): Oh! Henry, we've just run over a poor man, Stop! Stop!"

Henry: "Keep still Grace, you'll make everyone think this is the first time we were ever out in an auto!"

Miss Laughter: "Use the right verb in this sentence,—The toast was drank in silence."

V. Marcelle: "The toast was ate in silence."

* * * *

Skinny Pomeroy: "I saw the doctor today about my loss of memory."

A. Morrow: "What did he do?"

Skinny: "Made me pay in advance."

Collins: "Do you want to buy a bicycle to ride around your farm on? They're cheap now, and I can sell you a first class one for \$35."

Nugent: "I'd rather put \$35 in a cow."

Collins: "But think how foolish you'd look riding around on a cow."

Nugent: "Oh! I don't know, no more foolish, I guess, than I would milking a bicycle."

* * * *

Ludlam: "This is an artistic pipe of mine."

Isabelle: "How zat?"

Ludlam: "It draws well."

* * * *

Mr. Powderly: "How long did you spend on your history?"

E. Benvie: "Three hours."

Mr. Powderly: "Then what happened?"

Edna: "Then my aunt woke me up!"

* * * *

Isabelle: "I'm afraid you are very vain Mildred. You are always looking at yourself in the mirror."

M. Condon: "Well, I haven't your advantage. You can see me without looking in a mirror."

* * * *

"Bill was expelled from school."

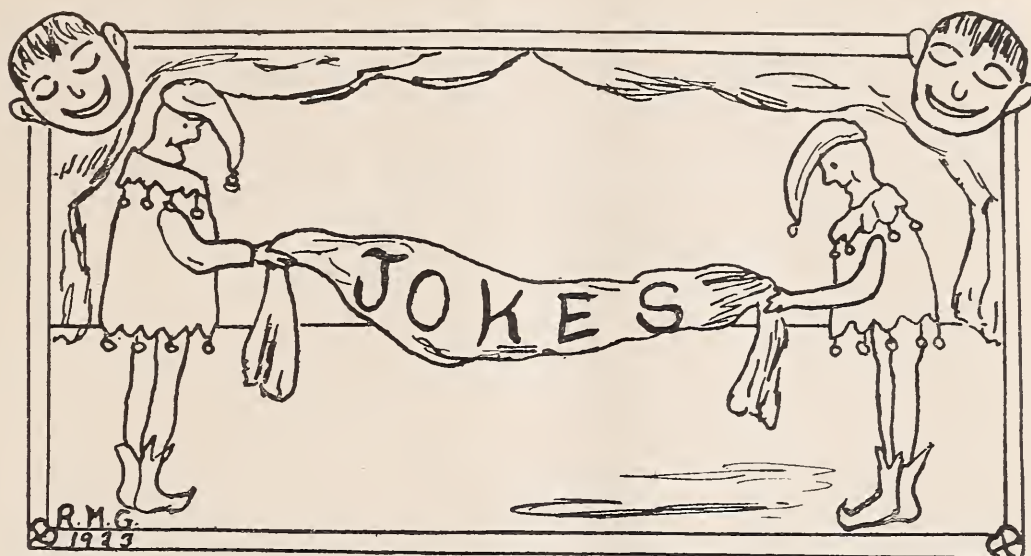
"To bad! Why?"

"In the engineering exam. he surveyed his neighbor's paper."

A. Billingham: "Goodness, how I love to see the leaves come out in the Spring!"

Ruthie: "Are you a poet?"

Arline: "No! But I'm a garage-man's daughter."



Piggy: "I say, Mrs. Mitchell: "You say that dentist you sent me to was painless?"

Mrs. Mitchell: "Well——"

Piggy: "Well. He isn't. When I bit his finger, he yelled like Heck!"

Miss Good: "What was the hardest part of the Civil Service examination?"

Dolan: "Writing with the Post Office pen!"

An industrious man seldom has a busy tongue!

Kakshtis: "Congratulate me, I just thought of something clever!"

Tangen: "Just beginner's luck."

Heney: "\$sn't he marvelous debater? So much force in his arguments."

Sally Thomas: "Yes, isn't he eloquent! Which side is he on?"

Shallow people think if they can keep on talking it will be taken for vivacity!

Edith S: "I saw Helen H. yesterday and we had a lovely confidential chat together."

Helen Mac: "I thought so—She wouldn't speak to me today."

More have repented of speech than of silence.

High School isn't all pleasant. There is a dreary season in between Basketball and Baseball when there is nothing to do but study!

The man who bought a second-hand flivver brought it back.

"What's the matter with it," asked the dealer.

"Well, you see, every blame part makes a noise but the horn!"

Just one more glass boys and we'll go home—said the dishwasher as he laid down the bar of soap.

M. Condon: "But I don't think I deserve a mere zero!"

Mr. Powderly: "That's the lowest mark I have."

Miss Brennan: "What is your worst fault, my child?"

K. Aylott: "My vanity—I spend hours before the mirror admiring my beauty."

Miss Brennan: "That's not your beauty—that's your imagination!"

Miss Banigan: "Do you know Shakespeare well?"

G. Tibbetts: "Aw gawan! Shakespeare's dead ages ago!"

Miss Coughlin: "Where is the population the thickest?"

P. Murphy: "Between the ears."

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